

# The Muggle Girl

by GandalfsWarrior

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Summary: I think this is a fairly good romance... btw, I am a 14yr Male from the UK... what am I doing writing a Romance Fic??? Oh well, its good... PG for a bit of kissing, etc.

## 1. Default Chapter Title

>The Muggle Girl<br>Chapter 1 - The Hate Curse

>Harry glared angrily at the Slytherin table. Malfoy was there gloating about how he had got one up on Harry Potter. Harry, his hands trembling, reached for his wand, only to have his hand slapped away. "Hermione, let me do it, the little rat deserves it" he spat. Hermione shook her finger, "No Harry, you'll just get us into trouble, the finals are only a week away, it's not worth it" she said wisely. Harry grunted and resolved to getting him when no one was around.<br>

>Earlier in Potions, Malfoy had put porcupine quills, edged with an itching potion, on Harry's seat. Harry had sat down, and then leapt up again yelping with pain and ran out of the class scratching his rear. Everyone had laughed and Professor Snape had refused to do anything about it because of 'lack of proof'.<br>

>Still bitter, Harry got through the next week planning his revenge on Malfoy, he wanted something big, but was at a loss to think what. He had taken to consulting one of Fred and George Weasley's prank books and thought the Curse of Love sounded good. It was supposed to make people fall in love with the people closest to them at the time, regardless whether they were girl or boy. Harry was hoping to time it when Crabbe or Goyle were next to Malfoy.<br>

>The next day, after their potions exam, Harry crept up on Malfoy. Pointing his wand and muttering a few strange words, a black beam shot out of his wand and hit Malfoy in the heart. Harry gulped, it wasn't supposed to be black, it was supposed to be scarlet. He stole away quietly, and forgot about the incident until that evening.<br>

>Harry was walking to the library, past the hospital wing, when he glimpsed in to see an amazing sight, half of Slytherin, or so it

seemed were in there covered in bandages and plasters. Alone in the corner, was Colin Creevey, with a black eye. Gasping, Harry jogged up to Colin, "My god Colin, what happened to you?" He questioned.<br>

>"Oh, hullo Harry" said Colin, definitely not his usual Harry-obsessed self "someone put the Curse of Hate on Malfoy outside Potions today, he went ballistic and started hitting everyone in sight." Colin said, then managed to giggle out his next sentence, "look over there" he said pointing to the room where the teachers went if they were ill.<br>

>Sitting, seething with rage, on a Gurney was none other than Professor Snape, with a cut lip and a bruised cheek. "HA!" Harry yelled gleefully. All the Slytherins looked up and Harry turned away rather quickly, jarring his neck. "What happened?" Harry asked. "He bent down to pull Malfoy off Crabbe, when Draco gave him a good kick in the face" Colin informed him.<br>

>"Aahhh", said Harry smiling as he walked out of the room, ushered all the way out of the wing by Madam Pomfrey. "I'll see you later, Colin!" Harry called as had the door slammed in his face. <br>Chapter 2 - Back In The Muggle World

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>2 Months Later ~<br>

>Back in the Muggle world, Harry thought to himself as he sat chasing a burnt sausage around his plate with his fork at Number four Privet Drive. I don't belong here, said the little voice in his head that you hear sometimes if you are really bored. "I know", Harry said aloud, surprising his large uncle.<br>

>"What the hell do you think your up to boy, talking to yourself like that" his Uncle Vernon snapped as he leapt from his seat and started swishing his hand in the air above the empty seats, grunting. "What are you doing?" Harry asked as he stifled a laugh, his uncle looked quite ridiculous. Then it came to him, he was checking to see if Harry had been talking to an invisible person. This was too much to bear for Harry and he fell off his seat in laughter.<br>

>"GET OUT!!" His Uncle roared and pointed to the door. Harry, still laughing, stumbled out of the door and began to walk down the street. After a few minutes the mirth wore off and he was left back where he started, depressed and bored, angry at having to stay with the Dursleys' for two more months. Harry was sitting on a wall, seriously considering turning a nearby beetle into a rhinoceros, even though it would probably earn him an expulsion from Hogwarts, when someone came and sat next to him.<br>

>Harry looked up for a few seconds then diverted his attention to the beetle. What he had seen the first time caused Harry to whip his head around again (causing yet another jarring to his neck), she was the most attractive girl he had ever seen, she had dark blonde hair, green eyes and tanned skin (she must of been on a holiday, Harry thought). "H-hi, c-can I help you?" He asked and mentally slapped himself, what sort of line is that he thought.<br>

>"No" she said "I was just a little bored, and you looked bored as well, so I thought... I'll go if you want?". "Nah," Harry said "I could use some company. By the way, whats your name?" He asked and shifted on the wall to look at her. "Lily" she said simply. Harry gasped, then began to cough to hide it, uselessly. "Whats the matter with my name?" She asked.<br>

>"Nothing at all... It's just that...well... That used to be my mums' name" he told her. She looked at him again, thinking that this boy was a little strange. "Oh, do you live with your mum?" Lily asked. Harry gulped again. "No I don't" he sighed "my parents died when I was very little". A singular tear rolled down Harrys' cheek.<br>

>Oh my god, what am I thinking, crying, in front of a girl I have never met before. In fact, what am I doing crying, I have never cried about my parents before Harry thought. To Harry's great surprise Lily slid her arm around Harry and pulled herself closer. She bent down and whispered in his ear, "don't worry, so did mine" she said.<br>

>Harry looked up, "I'm sorry, I don't mean to be so babyish" he said and brushed his hair out of his eyes. Lily didn't reply, she just sat there with her arm around Harry. For the next five minutes they just sat there. Then Lily spoke up, she told Harry of her family, how she had grown up, her problems, everything. Lily, who was the same age as Harry, sixteen, stayed with her grandmother on Magnolia Crescent. She was three when her parents died in a train accident, and after that she had lived with her rich grandmother who owned homes all over England. She said her grandmother was nice but very ill, and would probably die soon, leaving Lily no where to live.<br>

>Harry talked to her about his parents for a little longer, explaining (though Harry hated to lie) that they had died in a car crash, and told her he went to a boarding school up north, and didn't have friends that lived near. As he became more relaxed he started to tell her some of his secrets, how he still had nightmares about his parents and how he felt insecure whenever anyone talked about them.<br>

>She also told him things, about old boyfriends and guys on TV she liked. Harry blushed, he didn't like talking about things like this. Sometimes Harry wished he knew of this sort of thing. They spent all day talking and only stopped when they were interrupted by her grandmother when she came out to talk to Harry's Uncle. Harry and Lily both laughed at this, it was obvious that Lily's grandmother liked Uncle Vernon about as much as Harry did, not at all. Harry and Lily promised to see each other again the next day and went home.<br>

>That night Harry lay in bed, dreaming of Lily. He saw her stood in a field, her usually tanned skin pale with a black shawl wrapped around her beautiful body, the sky above her split and revealed the face of Voldemort, whose hand shot down from the heavens and snatched Lily up. She screamed and struggled for Harry to help but he was held back by Draco Malfoy whose face was flushed with excitement.<br>

>Harry jerked awake and sweat rolled down him, drenching the sheets. He got up and walked to the window and looked across the street to Magnolia Crescent trying to see Lily's house. He couldn't so he retired to his bed. When he awoke in the morning Harry remembered nothing.<br>

>Chapter 1 - The Secret<br>

><br>One Week Later ~

><br>Over the past week Harry's relationship with Lily had grown dramatically and Harry was ready to take it another level, he had feelings for Lily, as Dudley had guessed and had spent the week teasing Harry and threatening to tell Lily, and he sensed that Lily felt the same. Harry made his mind up that this Saturday he would tell her.

><br>So it was that Harry Potter could be found at Number 4 Privet Drive's kitchen table Saturday morning wringing his hands. He had decided that he would not tell her straight, just kiss her and see what she said, this was very cowardly Harry thought, but he would definitely know.

><br>After his breakfast Harry walked into the village where he had been meeting Lily for the past week. He spotted her and jogged up to her, she had been talking to some people that she had introduced to

Harry earlier. She gave him a hug and his confidence soared. "Can I speak to you for a moment?" he said and practically dragged her to the park where they spent most of the time. "Well," he began "We've been, well you know, I've been... And you... And you see" he stammered, he couldn't get the lines out. Lily laughed and reached over and kissed Harry.

><br>Harry had never felt anything better in his entire life, the world swam around him, flashing, he could not sense anyone else but him and Lily. It was as if the world had disappeared and a heaven had swallowed him up.

><br>He slipped his arm around her waist and pulled her closer. This was wonderful, he thought, better than Quidditch, better than any magic he had ever done, better than anything. When she finally pulled away Harry stood there, dumbfounded. Once again Lily laughed, reached up and closed his mouth. Harry reached out and held her hand. He stood still for many minutes until they were disturbed by someone coming up the path, it was Dudley.

><br>"Hello Harry" the fat young man said "what were you up to just then?" he asked slyly, he obviously already knew. "What do you want, porky?" Lily challenged. Dudley smiled at her gleefully, "better ask Lily to be quiet, Harry, or I might just tell her your secret" Dudley replied making wand like motions with his fat, beefy hand.

><br>Lily looked at Harry. "What does he mean Harry, your secret?" She said, searching his eyes. "Nothing Lily, I'll tell you after" Harry said and reached to his pocket for his wand. Dudley saw his hand actions, gave a squeal and ran from the park as fast as his pudgy little legs would carry him. Lily looked at Harry in amazement and then stuck her hand in his pocket.

><br>After a couple of seconds she pulled it out, his wand in her hand. Harry gulped and reached to take it back. "Y-you you're one of them" she gasped and ran screaming from the park. Harry was more surprised than ever now. He ran after her, he didn't care if he got expelled from Hogwarts, he had to use magic to catch up. Using a simple speed charm, he zoomed through the streets and had grabbed her arm before she could blink.

><br>"Lily, what's going on, why are you afraid of me?" He started "and what do you mean, 'I'm one of them'?" He asked. Lily stopped struggling and looked at him. "Your a" -gulp- "a wizard" she choked out. "Yeah, I am, but how did you know we existed, you weren't supposed to know?" Harry asked. "Ha!" Lily laughed "Not supposed to know, my mother was one, Harry. She got caught up with Voldemort, my dad tried to stop her, but she killed him, then herself...oh god Harry....." Lily cried and fell into Harry's arms. "Shhhh" Harry tried to soothe her while trying to help her stand up straight.

><br>"Lily, Voldemort killed my parents, you know, he did us both wrong. I hate him Lily, I hate him so much I can't sleep, I hate him so much I can't live properly" Harry whispered "Im so sorry I didn't tell you sooner". Lily stopped crying and rested her head on Harry's chest. "I love you y'know Harry?" she smiled up at him. "I know. And I you" he replied kissing the top of her head softly. "I don't want to go back to Hogwarts now, you know that, don't you?" Harry joked. Lily looked up and gave him a stern look, not unlike the one he regularly recieved from Hermione, "You have to, if you don't go there and learn you won't be any use to me when we go to kill Voldemort" she said, a grim determination set in her face.

><br>Harry looked up stunned as he continued to brush Lily's hair out of her beautiful eyes. "It's your last year at Hogwarts and I have something to give you" she said "Oh yeah? Whats that?" Harry

wondered. "Something my mother gave me... A green flame torch.....".

><br>A/N

>Green Flame Torch = Book 7 Rumour... please see a  
href="http://www.angelfire.com/on2/harrypotter"Gypsys/a page for  
details... PLEASE REVIEW!!!

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## 2. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="Generator"> The Muggle Girl â€" Part 2

The Muggle Girl â€" Part 2

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A/n: Well, well, well. Guess you didn't expect to see a sequel to The Muggle Girl! I got a nice number of reviews requesting one, as well as a few nice emails! So here goes. Your NEVER going to understand this if ya don't read The Muggle Girl â€" Part 1. Just search Messiah under authors and you'll get it. Kewl, no? BTW, football is soccer.

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Harry looked stunned at Lily. This was just a little too much to digest. He'd been wrong, she wasn't an orphan because of a car crash, as he first believed. She was an orphan because of Voldemort, as was Harry. He was full of admiration for Lily at this moment.

But what of this Green Flame Torch? Heals good and kills evil. Hundreds of thoughts ran through Harry's mind. What if it was true? What if this torch really would enable him to kill Voldemort?

Besides his deep feelings for Lily, which were enough to make him want to help, Harry had been having terrifying dreams of late. He kept on imagining he was under the Cruciatus Curse. He awoke, fully under the impression that his every nerve was on fire. This caused Harry to think endlessly of killing his tormentor of many years.

Lily looked at his face with pondering eyes. 'So, will you help me Harry?' she asked biting her bottom lip. Harry's face broke into a smile. He leaned forward and kissed her on the forehead. 'Of course' he said.

Lily reached for his hand and spoke to him, 'Harry, the torch is far from here. We will have to find a quick way there. I suggest you contact Dumbledore. He could send you floo powder or at least give you permission to use magic to make a Portkey'.

Harry nodded and turned to set off. Then he turned around. 'How do you know about Portkey's and Floo powder?' Lily's eyes flickered then she said, 'My mum left me a book. It's a diary, more or less. It explains a lot about yours and my mum's world'.

Harry smiled and nodded. He once again turned and began to run. 'OI! Harry, aren't you forgetting something?' Lily said seductively. Harry

returned and kissed Lily. 'Meet me here as soon as possible, yeah?' she asked. Harry nodded and ran off.

As he tore through the streets he dodged old ladies on their ways to collect their pensions, a group of children screaming at there mother to take them to the park, and a few Asians who Harry knew from his days at Primary school.

Finally he arrived home and Uncle Vernon began to yell at him. 'Boy, listen here, I don't know what you think your playing at but that display before.' He was silenced when Harry turned around.

Anger coursed through every vein in Harry's body. He looked his Uncle dead in the eyes. Unbeknown to Harry, his eyes had turned a gleaming red colour. Uncle Vernon shrank right back into his chair whimpering.

The fire in Harry's eyes went out and he looked stunned at what just looking at his uncle had done. Vernon quickly averted his eyes and watched the Liverpool V. Blackburn football match. Blackburn had just gone one up in the 86th minute.

Harry made his way upstairs and took a hooting Hedwig out of her cage. She hooted softly as she sat on Harry's shoulder as Harry wrote,

— —

Dear Professor Dumbledore,

—

\_I have met a girl recently. She has something important for me and I was wondering if you could give me permission to make a portkey? If not, could\_ you \_please send me some floo powderâ€|?\_

—

Sincerely, Harry.

—

He tied the letter to Hedwig's leg and let her out of her cage. As he watched her fly off he felt a strong pang of anxiety and nervousness. The churning in his stomach made him think that Monarch butterflies were flying Kamikaze missions.

He pulled his bag from his wardrobe and began throwing clothes in it. It seemed that if he was to undertake this well, mission, then he couldn't stay here. When he had agreed to help Lily it had finality to it.

Harry lifted the floorboard and picked up numerous letters and presents from his friends and Hagrid. Harry then had a brainwave. What if he asked Ron and Hermione to come? But he quickly decided against it. Surely Lily would prefer just him to join her.

He pulled out his firebolt and Hedwig's cage and strapped them to his bag. He then took out his invisibility cloak and threw it over the lot. Then all he had to do was wait for Dumbledore's reply.

He didn't wait long because no sooner had he sat down he felt a hand on his shoulder. He spun around and looked into the warm face of Albus Dumbledore. 'Now, Harry, are you going to tell me what this important object is?' he said, with a look on his face that would suggest he already knew.

Harry said, 'It's a Green Flame Torch, what is does is itâ€|' he was cut off by the look of great triumph on his face. 'You have no idea how long I've wanted to find its location' he patted Harry on the back, 'so tell me, where is it?'

Harry realised he didn't know. 'My friend knows where it is, she's going to get it for me' he replied. Dumbledore's eyes shone and he clapped his wrinkled hands together. 'Well, shall we go and find your friend then, Harry?' he asked.

'Okay' Harry agreed, 'she's waiting down in the village!' Dumbledore nodded and took Harry's hand, 'I don't know if you've Apparated with someone before but it can be a little rough. Hold tight'.

Before Harry had chance to reply Dumbledore had clicked his fingers and Harry felt as though his body was breaking up into millions of pieces. Before he had opportunity to get his head into gear he appeared behind Carr's Sweets Shop and Tobacconist.

Dumbledore smiled at Harry again and Harry led him to where Lily was stood waiting. She glanced up at Dumbledore almost fearfully. 'Hello. What's your name then dear?' Dumbledore said kindly to her.

'Lily' she croaked hoarsely. Harry wondered why she all choked up for a moment and realised that he was much the same when he had first met Dumbledore. Dumbledore smiled and straightened his cloak.

'I understand you know where the location of the Green Flame Torch is, Lily?' he asked. Lily nodded her eyes wide. 'Where?' Dumbledore prodded. Lily cleared her throat and Harry put his arm around her protectively.

'Its in' she cleared her throat, 'It's in Dundee', she said. Astonishment registered on Dumbledore's face. 'Dundee? Why is it there?' he asked. Harry was also wondering the exact same thing.

'When my mum was alive, that's where we lived. She hid it with a Fidelius Charm; I'm the Secret Keeper. I suppose you know about the Fidelius Charm, Harry?' she said. Harry hadn't told her that his parents were killed because Peter Pettigrew had divulged the secret to Voldemort.

Harry nodded vaguely and Dumbledore tried to clear the air by clapping his hands. 'Shall we be off, then?' he said. Harry and Lily nodded and took hands. Dumbledore said, 'It would be too risky to try and Apparate all us. Harry, I've had your Aunt and Uncles house reconnected to the Floo Network'.

Harry and Lily nodded again. Harry was dreading returning to Privet Drive. How would Dumbledore explain blasting his Uncles fireplace to Kingdom Come again?

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Ba-ba-ba-bummmmmm! This instalment was really rubbish. It will get better, I SWEAR! Please Review.

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End  
file.